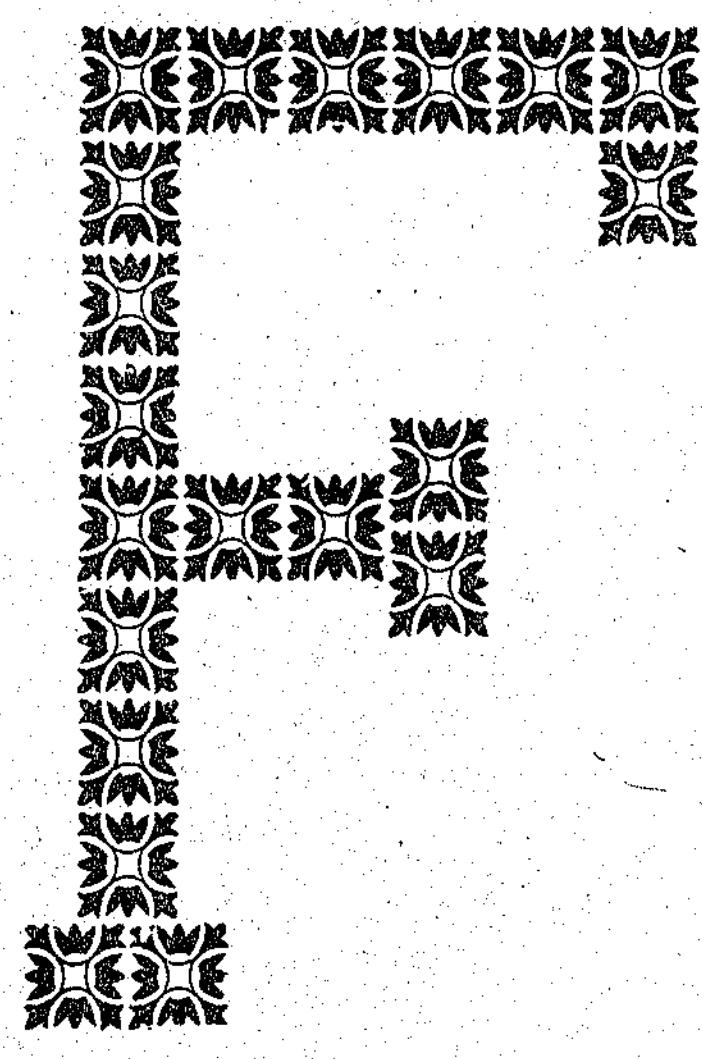


The Colonnade



G. S. C. W.

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THE COLONNADE

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EDITORIALS

FRESHMAN CLASS

FEARLESS in the battle of right against wrong;
RELIABLE in each task, be it great or small,
ENDURING greetings and encouragement to all.
HONEST in dealings with fellow men;
MAGNANIMOUS in observing the Golden Rule,
ALERT in playing Life's Game to the end;
NEIGHBORLY rendering parched lips cool.

COURAGEOUS in defending principles of old;
LOYAL in high ideals to uplift;
AMBITIOUS to attain the highest goal;
SAGACIOUS as Solomon with the greatest gift.
SYMPATHETIC in sharing another's load.

EDITORIAL

What to write? That's a question that is asked in the best of regulated colleges. (especially on exams). An editorial it happens to be this time and on an editorial at that.

There is but one way that I know to write an editorial and that is simply to write an editorial—when the Freshman Colonnade is at stake one must collect ones wits (what a collection) and make a gallant attempt! (whew!)

An editorial is the bane of an editor's existence, a fly in his ointment, a blot on his escutcheon, and a wart on the nose of his world. Finding no more smiles in the editor's cranial region, we'll leave it at that, hoping that from this description you, gentle readers, would recognize an editorial were you to meet one on a dark night.

In concluding this editorial I again ask "what to write?" No one seems to know, I, least of all, so we'll abandon the field to the enemy, and beat a hasty retreat.

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NEWS
Pithily Penciled for Public Perusal

SOPHOMORE—SENIOR CLASS TRIP

The Sophomores and Seniors Go on Trip to Charles-ton, S. C.

Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock A. M. a group of excited girls left for Charleston to enjoy Middleton Gardens at the height of their beauty. The trip was a very delightful one. Lunch was served on the train in the rather unique Dutch style. An exultant and happy group of girls arrived at Charleston about 1:45 where they were conveyed to the Fort Sumter Hotel. During the afternoon a rather queer and old-fashioned city was explored by groups of interested and curious girls. Evening brought the girls to that long anticipated class banquet which was an affair of rare enjoyment and which brought the day to a suitable close.

Morning saw the girls at the port of their dreams. They were carried in automobiles to the Middleton gardens which were indeed a thing of beauty never to be forgotten. The flowers were a mass of many shades and hues, reflect in the lakes and ponds, pictures of sheer beauty. The plans so beautifully worked out, were fragrant of the lovely, old-fashioned gardens of yesterday. The girls strolled among the flowers and trees entangled with the silver moss, bringing back with them a whiff of something quiet and mystical and sweet.

In returning to Charleston many sites of historical interest were visited. After luncheon the girls left for old Fort Moultrie and the Isle of Palms. Sites about Fort Moultrie were visited and then the girls with rather neglected bathing suits set out for the Isle of Palms where Neptune was very crowded by many childish girls in their gay colored suits.

A full day having been spent, tired but rejoicing, the students returned to Charleston where they left at 5:00 o'clock for the familiar little city of Milledgeville. Arriving at Milledgeville about 12:30 A. M. with happy hearts, pleasant memories and wet bathing suits, Morpheus claimed them all. Freshmen and Juniors! The best is yet to come! Next year has its promises.

SCIENCE CLUB

The next meeting of the Science Club will be April 29 at 5:30 in the Biology lecture room. Miss Martin, who is faculty advisor for the club, has charge of the program which will be on "Organic Chemistry." All Freshmen who intend to major or minor in Chemistry are urged to come and join; all those who are taking chemistry or are interested in anyway are invited to come and join.

MUSIC WEEK

A stranger on our campus might well ask why the extra practice of choruses, violins, pianos and orchestra and be answered that it is in preparation for music week.

Perhaps some of us who've never been here during music week also wonder about the practice but it is in a different way. The second question is just what kind of programs will there be. In answer to this a general outline of Music Week will be given.

Music Week will begin on Sunday, May 4th, with a program given by the "Y".

Monday the Glee Clubs will present their operetta, Yokohoma Maid.

Tuesday morning at chapel there will be a program consisting of orchestra, piano, violin, and voice numbers.

Wednesday! The day the Freshmen have been practicing for so long. In the morning and afternoon will be recitals but that night the Freshmen

Will shine. It is a tradition that the Freshmen do shine on their night more than anybody else before or after them during Music Week. Why isn't known, but it is known that when the five hundred and nineteen Freshmen of 1930 are assembled in one large body on the stage May 7th they'll do their best to outshine even the Freshmen who've gone before.

The soloists for the occasion will be Mr. J. Foster Barnes, of Duke University, Mr. Solon Drukenmiller, of Griffin, and Mrs. Long and Mrs. Longino from our own campus.

Thursday the Sophomores will present their opera which is looked forward to especially because of their previous splendid chorus work.

Friday is G. M. C. night and a large audience is expected to hear their band.

The stranger's question and our question have been answered briefly and the hope is that everyone will be even more anxious to attend the splendid program the Music Department has planned for us.

INTERCLASS DEBATE BIG SUCCESS

Gertrude Gilmore and Katherine Vinson Declared
Winners

On Saturday night, April 5, a large number of students, faculty, and visitors assembled in the auditorium to await the final judgement of the debate, which is an annual event on our campus. The question was, "Resolved, That China was right in insisting that all nations give up their extra-territorial privileges in China on January 1, 1930."

Gertrude Gilmore, Senior, and Kathryn Vinson, Sophomore, defended the subject. Norma Dunnaway, Junior, and Helen Hensley, Freshman, took the negative side of the question. Both sides put up such diligent arguments that it was difficult for the competent judges, Dr. W. T. Wynn, head of our own English Department, Dr. A. G. Harris, and the Presbyterian minister of Milledgeville, and Mrs. Ed Harold, General Y. Secretary of Macon, to decide that the affirmative side was the winner.

Never has there been so much excitement and class spirit displayed on our campus! Music as well as colors filled the air at the beginning of the debate. Also, during intermission, there was great rivalry between the classes, proving to each debater that her class was supporting her by singing songs. Finally, the auditorium was quieted by Mildred McWhorter, who presided for the evening. Mary Elliot was the time keeper.

If for any reason this edition of the Colonnade seems worthy of praise, bestow it rightfully upon Caroline Selman, the regular editor, who, during the past few days, has been the most popular girl on the campus, judging from the number of Freshmen whom she has been obliged to initiate into the paper business, telling us just what to do, how to do it, and when; upon Rebecca Markwalter, Pauline Reynolds, Daisy Neal, Elizabeth Cowart, and Mary Snow Johnson, who threatened more than once to get together and set the dormitory on fire if necessary to have something to write about; upon the reporters who have scurried to and fro like nobody's business, but—incidentally—always inquiring into everybody's business; upon Bess Rowan and Virginia Lanier, who have continually fought over suggested material, Bess always insisting that it would make a first-rate news story, and Virginia never failing to pounce upon it as a prospective feature story; upon Fern Cox, "Ag" Sheehan, Emily Sanders and Ermine Pate, whose artistic abilities make us all green with envy; upon Eunice Chandler and Jewell Ivey who added ad to ad till we almost had to get an adding machine to add them; upon Catherine Garvin, and her dormitory assistants, who have circulated the Freshman Edition far and wide; and last of all upon the

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FRESHMEN SELECT CLASS SONG

The song, written by Miss Mary Snow Johnson of Atlanta, to the tune of "Road to Mandalay" has been chosen for the class song of the Freshman class.

Five songs were presented to the class Saturday morning, March 29. From these five the class song was chosen. The Freshman Glee Club introduced the songs to the other members of the class, after which selection was made by secret ballot.

The songs from which the choice was made, were:

Tune—March of the Men of Harlech—written by Miss Mary Snow Johnson of Atlanta, and Miss Theo Hotch of Brunswick.

Tune—Melody in F—written by Miss Sara Morgan of Macon, and Miss Nell English of Griffin.

Tune—Sailing—written by Miss Bess Rowan of McDonough.

Tune—Road to Mandalay—written by Miss Mary Snow Johnson of Atlanta.

This song submitted by Miss Johnson won the highest number of votes.

Tune: Road to Mandalay.
There's a college in 'ole Georgia,
And its name is G. S. C.
There's a class that's in that college,
It's the class of '33.
It's the class that has a spirit
That nowhere can be surpassed
Now we'll boost our Alma Mater
And uphold the Freshman class
And uphold the Freshman class.

CHORUS.

We're the Freshman class in college
And as proud as we can be
We will stand by the green and white
And boost 'ole G. S. C.
We will ever do thee honor
And will always loyal be
And we'll ne'er forget the school we love
Our own dear G. S. C.

The spirit of this song is the true G. S. C. W. feeling—the spirit of co-operation and loyalty to the college. As songs in the past have lent a helping hand to other girls gone on before, and as other songs are now doing, so this song falls in line, to guide a Freshman College of six hundred and five girls through Field Day in May, through a Sophomore year and a class trip, not only just through four short years of college here, but it probably will guide the class of thirty-three through life.

entire Freshman class, whose staunch loyalty and enthusiastic co-operation have made this edition possible.

—MARTHA PARKER

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FEATURE PAGE

THE FRESHMAN'S SOLILOQUY

To study or not to study; that is the question.

Whether it is nobler in the mind to suffer
In brain-racking awe of outrageous assignments,

Or take up arms agains a sea of Profs
And by opposing end them?

To study; to sleep no more: though by a sleep
We say to end the contemplation of the thousand
Cursed flunks that students fall heir to.

'Tis contumely devoutly to be wished.

To sleep? To study? To study—perchance to pass
Ay, there's the rub.

For in that cramming through the hours of night
What profanity might be given voice must give us
pause.

There is the disrespect that makes
Calamity of the Christian soul.

But who
Would bear the brunt of bawling out,
The cheater's wrongs; professor's contumely,
The pangs of despised exams, the insolence
And spurns that patient condescension of teachers'

misdeeds take;
When he himself might his quietus make
With a good time, and many flunks
Upon his record card?

Who would the patience have to groan and sweat
Under a weary, irksome, college life,
But that the fear of something—

('tis the deano—
That undiscovered realm from whose bourne
No student e'er returns as happy as he went—)
Puzzles the will, and makes us hear those ills we
have

Than fly to others that we know not of?
And thus professors do make slaves out of us all.

—SELECTED

TALKING PICTURE AT G. S. C. W.

It has been the efforts of the administrative body of the college to give to the girls the best and the most up-to-date things that can be had. The result is that there is to be a talking picture machine installed at the Georgia State College for Women.

On April 26 there will be a try-out picture at the Auditorium, according to Mr. O. A. Thaxton, director of amusements on the campus. "The picture," Mr. Thaxton said, "Must have color, song, and something thrilling."

This picture is purely an experiment, but if it is a success, a machine will be installed in the auditorium.

RECIPE FOR A MODERN SHORT STORY

It won't be long now before all the classes in English II will be having to write short stories. We wish them well and hope that every student will come out on top with a clever story. For this reason we wish to give them a recipe to use in writing their stories:

Stir in a fool to make us laugh;
Two heavy villians and a half;
A heroine with sheeny hair,
And half a dozen beaux to spare;
A mystery upon the shore;
Some bloody foot-prints on a floor;
A shrewd detective chap, who mates
Those footprints with the hero's lights,
And makes its squally for that gent,
Till he is proven innocent.
Spice it with scandal, stir it well;
Serve it hot;—and the story will sell.

TRAINS AT NIGHT

I love trains.
I love their chug-chug-chug.
I love their bold whistles.
I love their black, behemoth engines—
Glaring, one-eyed monsters.

I lope their rumbling speed.
They do not frighten me.
Trains make me want to shout
And laugh and run.

I hear a train away, 'way off
And then I see a great yellow eye
And a voice like all the voices of Hell at once
Blows the sky up higher than it was.
Then while the clouds are still suspended high
My mouth hangs open and
My eyes are very wide
As the wonder of this devil with its one huge eye
and Hellish voice
Passes by.

When it is gone I cry aloud and fling my arms out
wide.
Some day I shall follow you,
O demon!
I shall run screaming down your track
And follow you.

SARA LINDA MORGAN.

HIGHER LEARNING

I have learned from past experiences that higher learning does not come to one suddenly. It develops by degrees and is a painful process.

When I first came to College, I was the "greenest" Freshman who landed at G. S. C. W. the fall of 1927.

On the night we arrived in Milledgeville, I was a true picture of distress. My new white shirt, limp, dirty, and wrinkled from a day's travel, I had buttoned up to my chin. The uniform black tie hung disconsolately around my neck, and my brown skirt trailed the floor fairly gracefully in a vain attempt to hide my black slippers and hose.

To tell the truth, I let the taxi driver pass the Mansion three times before he ever discovered that I was sitting hunched up in a far corner of the taxi; and I was in school two weeks before I ever registered.

Not so with my classes! I reported to every class the very first day classes began. It doesn't matter that I sat through one whole hour in Dr. Johnson's History twenty-two class and neither Dr. Johnson nor I discovered that I should have been in a section of History of Education until the period was entirely over.

I wore my hat to the first picture we had in the auditorium, and when I discovered that I was the only one who wore a hat, I ran all the way across the campus and left the unnecessary head gear in my room.

Daily I learned things, and daily the feeling grew that I must learn to use my brain a little. Once I had to write out a card for cutting supper, and even though my room mate had told me that we didn't have supper on Sunday nights, I didn't tell the matron my mistake for I would have written out ten cards rather than tell her that I didn't know any better. After that time I did try to reason things out more than usual. However learning to be a college student was a serious task for me, and a hard one. Often times now I forget. Just last Tuesday I forgot that it was April Fool's Day and that girls enjoy a joke. Tears were in my eyes and a salty taste in my mouth before I discovered that some one had put salt into the sugar dish and that I had salted my coffee.

If any one asks me a new joke, I always "bite." Just yesterday a girl asked me: "Do you want to see something swell?" Naturally I said "Yes," and then when she hit me on the nose and it began to swell I couldn't say anything even though it hurt terribly.

Why do I always have to learn? I wonder if other girls have as hard time as I did trying to gain the "higher learning" which all collegiate students must gain.

SOMEBODY TOLD ME AT G. S. C. W.

THAT the students do not love and respect their Alma Mater—
THAT G. S. C. is not the best school in the state
THAT the Faculty are not the wisest folks in the world—
THAT the Sophomores do not think they know everything—
THAT the Seniors are not dignified—
THAT the Juniors are not optimistic—
THAT the FRESHMEN are not the best in the bunch—
THAT the teachers are never sarcastic—
THAT students do not sleep in classes—
THAT YOU never gain in weight at G. S. C.—
THAT the freshmen are not green—
THAT G. S. C. girls never get homesick—
THAT G. S. C. girls do not appreciate all that is done for them—
THAT the campus is not the prettiest in the state
BUT I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT, DO YOU?

DEBUTANTES

Who's hurt? What are those men doing on our campus? What's happening? Amidst these interrogations and the howls of their mother, Miss G. S. C. W., four little pups made their debut out from under the bleachers one Wednesday morning.

Miss Freshman class made her debut first with the assistance of George and a shovel, which was attractively decorated in red mud and freshly cut grass. Since Miss Freshie (since Freshman class was so long we decided on this nickname) insisted on wearing white and having the green bleachers as a blackfround, we immediately decided that she was our pup. And there after the last bell had rung for ten o'clock classes, we christened her, using as water a heavy downpour of rain.

The next young lady to make her debut was Miss Sophomore. Since she was covered with red mud when she made her appearance and was covered with huge black spots, the Sophs immediately decided that pup was theirs. Now since I am not a Soph but a Freshman I didn't get all the inside dope as to how they carried out their ceremony.

The next debutante wore a yellow fur frock attractively trimmed in black; so without further debate she was christened Miss Senior.

Now this is a secret, folks, but really I think the Juniors expected their debutante to be adorned in lavender and purple, but when Miss Junior prouly made her debut in tan and white, no signs of disappointment were shown, but peals of enthusiasm went out from the juniors.

During the debut of her four young daughters, Miss G. S. C. W. was acting her part as hostess by dancing around and barking.

THE EAR MARKS OF A TEACHER

By VIRGINIA LANIER

The question has been asked a countless number of times just how some people distinguish a teacher from any other person of an ordinary profession, and it is really true that this can be done. I, as scribe, in behalf of the Freshman class shall enumerate a few ear marks of a teacher.

Have you ever seen a teacher who wasn't hurrying, and who didn't seem to be trying to race with time? Yes, the teachers of G. S. C., as well as the pupils, have been forced to acknowledge that, "Time and bells wait on no man", and that it is better to be an hour too soon than a minute too late.

Teachers usually have that "knowing look." They are that much akin to Shakespeare. They seem to be able to pierce the innermost recesses of one's soul! Mind readers! Peering eyes! A smile, the victim of whom would cheerfully die of the spot, but no such luck! She soon awakes to find herself right where she always was—at the mercy of a teacher.

It is universally acknowledged and has become a grounded fact that teachers do work, and are more and more consulting eye specialists, however there is one thing that is not known that we would like to know. That is, if he or she is so nearly blind, how can he see a little thing like chewing gum in the remote corner of one's mouth? Teachers surely must use their third eye extensively.

Our teachers at G. S. C. are blessed with the great gift of individuality, yet they possess some of the ear marks which brand them as teachers.

One there is among us, attractive and magnetic, who could certainly be pinned by his cross examinations, which he gives unreservedly with his eyes. After being looked up and down a time or two by these eyes, a pupil feels that she has been weighed in the balances and found wanting.

Those who teach the great science of the mind, can almost see the little neurones working but when a student is called on by one of these "orisseurs" these little bodies seem to cease functioning.

We know there is one who has great calculation, for, to see her pass people on the street we know what the thought is in her mind "to miss them an inch is as good as a mile."

Teachers usually have tempers, which is natural, having their nerves frayed by the everlasting student. But who would want an insipid nonchalant authority, who didn't act human once and a while? Never the less, their barks are often bigger than their bites, and teachers are hard to beat. Look around you in the coming years, if you haven't in the past, and see.

And as a final word, in spite of all their "earmarks" we can say from our hearts, "Heaven bless the teachers, we love them all!"

PERSONALITIES ON OUR CAMPUS

Of course everyone of us is familiar with the cars which are parked on our campus for the majority of the time. No doubt we've all expressed our opinion of them to somebody at one time or another. I'll wager that no one of us has ever stopped to think that they have a name other than their maker's name. Miss Daughtry's Ford is called "Tajar" by his most intimate friends. He was named for Tajar in the Japanese myth, who, you remember took such death-defying life leaps in the moonlight. Miss Roger's Nash is known as Levi. You know it is quite a new car. When Miss Rogers first saw it she thought that it looked as big as the Leviathan, hence Levi. Miss Pyle and Mrs. Doris are the proud owners of a new Ford, but their old car has not yet been forgotten by most of us. His name was Christopher Columbus, and like his namesake, he, too, set out to discover the world. Fords surely seem to have the most popular place with the faculty members. Miss Horsborough has a Ford, but hers is far different from the rest. She wanted to name the car for her cottage at camp which was Geranium. She thought of Gerry certainly was not dignified enough for this Ford. At last she decided that the most dignified name which could be derived from Geranium was Geraldine, and so she is. Geraldine is not the only dignified car on the campus, for Mrs. Hines' goes by the name of "Lady Nash." The writer, however, is under the impression that she has seen "Lady Nash" when she was not acting like a lady.

—RUTH WILSON.

SPRING PUNNING

What is the secret of success? asked the sphinx, "Push", said the button, "Take pains," said the window.

"Never be led," said the pencil, "Be up to date," said the calendar.

"Always keep cool," said the ice. "Do business on tick," said the clock.

"Never lose your head," said the barrel. "Make much of small things," said the microscope.

"Make light of everything," said the light. "Never do anything off hand," said the glove.

"Spend much time in reflection," said the mirror.

"Aspire to great things," said the nutmeg. "Do a driving business," said the hammer.

"Do the work you're suited for," said the flue. "Get a good pull with the ring," said the doorbell.

"Be sharp in your dealings," said the knife. "Trust to the stars for success," said the night.

"Strive to make a good impression," said the seal.

"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the glue.

SOCIETY NEWS

The most talked of visitor on the campus last week-end was "Miss" Spring. She has such a sunny disposition that every student welcomes her with exclamations of delight. Never before has she been so beautiful. Her flowery dresses of green must have been designed by some superior designer. Her visit is expected to be prolonged for at least a month and during this time every student should become acquainted with her hidden treasures.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Jackson and Mr. and Mrs. E. P. McGee of Decatur were guests of Miss Frances Jackson Sunday.

* * * *

Misses Agnes DeVore and Alethia Hitt were honored last week-end by a surprise birthday feast given by their roommates and suitemates.

* * * *

Mrs. Bess Wingo Stroud of Palmetto was the guest of her sister Louise.

* * * *

Mr. L. D. Jones of Augusta spent Sunday with his daughter Catherine.

* * * *

The Bible Study Class of Miss Hallie Smith went to Government Square Park Saturday afternoon to eat food in the form of a picnic lunch.

* * * *

Ruth Brannon, Martha Weaver, Frances Whitmore, Frances and Irene Elliott were among the happy girls in Mansion who were visited by their parents Sunday.

* * * *

Ocie Respass had as her guest Sunday her brother, Wilmoth.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Champion, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Adams, Miss Mary Adams and Master Hammond Adams of Eatonton visited Emily Champion April 13.

* * * *

On Monday afternoon, April 14, Misses Nook Gregg and Anne Hicks were hostesses at an Easter Egg hunt. The guests included Misses Caroline Russel, Kay Jones, Martha Edwards, Libba Isom, Alice Brinson, Anna O'Leary, Monk Carrigan, and Dr. White. Prizes were awarded to Anna and Martha for finding the gold and silver eggs. Refreshments consisting of "hot dogs," hamburgers, and Coca-Cola's were served on the lawn after the excitement.

* * * *

Misses Myrtle Spratlin and Margaret Loyd of Bessie Tift College, guests of Miss Ila Cade Williams, were honored at a tea Sunday afternoon from 5:00 to 6:00.

Among the students in Bell having visitors Sunday, April 13 are Misses Elizabeth Byrd, Mary Leftwich, Ila Joinr, Vera Cobb, Frances Cagel, Eulalia Stiles, Johnnie Sue Melton, Louise Green, Movine Holcombe, Frances Gober, Enid Downs, Carabel Swint, and Christine Dekle.

* * * *

A part of the crowd seen in front of Atkinson Sunday were the guests of Misses Thelma Slade, Frances Reeves, Fannie Harrison, Nannie Lou Walden, Miriam Gordon, and Jennie Rivers.

* * * *

Miss Helen Southwell of 711 Terrell B was hostess at an ice cream supper Sunday evening.

* * * *

Among the students in Terrell Proper having visitors during the week-end are Misses Macie Drew, Delia Ray, Caroline Combs, Marion Jones, Frances Carr, Beth Thornton, Anise and Louise Lifford, Marguerite Howell, Mary Turner, and Mrs. Anne Westbrook.

* * * *

Misses Judith Williamson, Sue Strickland, and Sara Holle entertained a number of friends with a feast. For entertainment the "Freshies" amused the "Sophs" by singing choruses from their opera and vice versa.

* * * *

Those girls in Terrell Annexes B and C fortunate enough to have guests over Sunday are Misses Sara Stokes, Elizabeth McElroy, Margaret McElroy, Mary and Sara Jennigan, Julia Walton, Marion Napier, Virginia Smith, Kathryn Taylor, Louise Harold, Vera Johnson, Lucile Harvey, Sara Tunc, and Margaret Brown. That accounts for many of the empty places seen in the dining room at dinner.

* * * *

The girls in 501 and 502 Terrel B expressed their regard for Mary Leone Bennett by giving her a lovely birthday feast.

* * * *

Misses Joe Hogan, Margaret Dansey, and Carlisle Beggs were hostesses at a feast Sunday night. Club sandwiches, chocolate milk, ice cream and cakes were served to the six guests.

* * * *

Miss Helen Whigham was honored with a feast given by the girls in 901 Terrel C. A delicious salad course was served.

* * * *

One of the most delightful feasts of the pre-Easter season was given in 709-10 Terrel C. The room was beautifully decorated with Easter lilies and ferns. The central decoration of the table was a large Easter basket. The favors were miniature Easter rabbits. Covers were laid for ten.

G. S. C. W.
For Alumnae

Alumnae Page

ALUMNAE
For G.S.C.W

RETURNED QUESTIONNAIRES

Mrs. R. S. Crowder, Hendersonville, N. C.
Miss Nell Barnett, Sanford, Fla.
Mrs. W. N. Holliman, Norristown, Pa.
Mrs. Dunbar Hair, The La Salle Apt., Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. M. C. Tarver, Lafayette Hotel, Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. James Hamilton, Douglas, Ga.
Mrs. M. C. Buckley, 312 Tenth Ave., Charlotte, N. C.
Miss Salina Jarrard, Clermont, Ga.
Mrs. Nathan Shapiro, c/o. Shapiro and Phillips, Milwaukee, Wis.
Miss Ruth Mauldin, West View Apt., Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. Malone Piper, Lakeland, Fla.
Mrs. E. H. Wills, Gainesville, Ga.
Mrs. Phillips Warren, Greenville, S. C.
Mrs. F. C. Bunting, Marietta, Ga.
Miss Neva West, 90 S. Professor St., Oberlin, Ohio.
Mrs. Georgia Walsh, 22 Elmhurst, Long Island, New York, N. Y.
Miss Jennie Claire Callier, 412 Nineteenth St., Columbus, Ga.
Mrs. J. J. Watson, Opelika, Ala.
Miss Ethel Wilson, 280 College St., Macon, Ga.
Mrs. W. B. Gilbert, Victory Drive, Savannah, Ga.
Miss Pearle Hanks, Vidalia, Ga.
Mrs. F. F. Waters, Brooklet, Ga.
Mrs. Darrell Jervey, 14th St. W., Palm Beach, Fla.
Miss Lucian Franklin, 87 Brevard Road, W., Asheville, Ga.
Mrs. J. B. Temple, Battle Creek, Cal.
Miss Ernestine Blackwell, Box 408 R. F. D. No. 3, Savannah, Ga.
Mrs. Wesley Shields, DeLand, Fla.
Mrs. J. B. Turner, Savannah, Ga.
Mrs. Percival Elliott, Weaver Height, Roanoke, Va.
Miss Sarah Marchman, Barnesville, Ga.
Mrs. Durden, Carron, Ga.
Miss Ethel Timmons, Waloska, Ga.
Miss Myrleen Merk, 139 Gordon St., Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. I. B. Hough, Laura Street, Jacksonville, Fla.
Miss Katherine J. Patton, 506 S. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.
Miss Mary K. Compton, 212 Sixteenth St., Columbus, Ga.
Mrs. Pauline P. Boothroyd, Norcross, Ga.
Miss Cora Dollar, Masonic Home, Macon, Ga.
Miss Calara Webb, 242 Jeff Davis, St., Macon, Ga.

Miss Elizabeth Edmondson c/o. Rev. R. A. Edmondson, 3330 Grant St., Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. S. L. Babbit, 65 S. Moreland Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

Miss Louise Gibbs, Fitzgerald, Ga.

Miss Ollie Parker, Washington, Ga.

Mrs. Candler Brooks, 4112 Forrest Ave., Macon, Ga.

Miss Meta Aiken, Newborn, Ga.

Miss Phil. A. Trimble, Linden Court, Apt. 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Miss Ruth Evitt, Kesington, Ga.

Miss Harriette Russell, 717 Ponce de Leon Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

Miss Ida Randall, 87 Page Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. E. Willis, Box 427, Jacksonville, Fla.

Miss Margaret Mann, 709 N. Cumberland Ave., Washington, D. C.

Mrs. R. K. McLean, 928 S. W. 12th Ave., Miami, Fla.

Mrs. C. L. Power, Cedartown, Ga.

Mrs. J. J. Benford, Sand Hill, City, Ala.

Mrs. Hugh Chapman, 630 Bonler Ave., Augusta, Ga.

Mrs. Head, Hawaiian Islands, Ft. Screven, Ga.

Mrs. R. H. Bone, 220 Third Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. B. W. G. Farnham, 108 Lawton Ave., Macon, Ga.

Mrs. Corbett Mitchell, Montezuma, Ga.

Mrs. R. H. Hines, 317 Euclid Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

EASTER VESPER PROGRAM

"The Resurrection of Our Lord"
Easter Sunday night a pageant "The Resurrection of Our Lord" was presented at vespers.

This pageant was based on an Old English Miraculous play which has been somewhat modernized.

Even though the scenes were very simply portrayed an emotional effect was gained by the adroit use of light and music.

In the first scene Pilot attempted to justify his act in the handling of Christ's trail.

In the second scene, the Romans were shown guarding the tomb of Christ, and the Resurrection was represented by light and music.

In scene three, the three Marys came to anoint the body of Christ and found it gone. A voice was heard, it was the Angel of the Lord announcing his Resurrection "Behold he is risen."

Much credit goes to Miss Theo Hotch the organist and to the G. S. C. choir under the direction of Miss Margaret Cunningham, for the success of this pageant; likewise are we indebted to Miss Hallie Smith, for her faithful services as director.

FRESHMEN CAPTAINS OF INDIVIDUAL EVENTS CHOSEN

The freshmen captains for the field day events have been elected.
 They are as follows:
 Chariot race—Sophie Camp.
 Throwing—Eulaween Raley
 Four Corner—Emily Colby.
 Over Under etc.—Elizabeth Morgan.
 Hoop race—Emma Adams.
 Jumping relay—Ag Sheehan.
 Pivot Relay—Carolyn Green.
 Baseball—Mary Fort.
 Tennis—Ruth Cheshire.
 Basketball—Margaret Stripling.
 Potatoe race—Janie Redfern.
 Stoop relay—Catherine Garvin.
 Limber Jumpink Jack—Jewell M. Green.
 Bean setting—Carolyn Combs.
 Sword—Rita Watson.
 Flamboyough Sword—Agnes DeVore.
 May pole—Lavonia Newman.
 Butter fly—Marion Power.
 Klappdance—Lucy Lee Hickox.
 Crested Hen—Mary Lyle Davis.
 Ace of Diamonds—Hilda Jackson.
 Glow Worm—Elizabeth James.
 Gathering Pea Cods—Rose Rankin.
 Minuet—Bess Rowan.
 Hop mar Anika—Eulalia Stiles.
 Bleking—Gussie J. Mullis.
 Mazurka—Frances Scott.
 Bohemian Polka—Lucy Dews.
 If there are any freshmen who have not signed up for one or more of these events do so immediately, as practices have already begun.

WOW! HOW IT HURTS TO FALL!

Time: Any Sight Singing class.
 Place: On the stage.
 Setting: Around lots of other girls and a teacher.

"Gee, Lib, there goes the bell! I just did get here in time. Oh, I almost forgot to tell you. You remember the adorable boy you met and fell for when you were home? Well, I saw him when I was home last week-end and he asked me to tell you—Gosh! She's looking this way, I'll tell you later. 'Here'—he said to tell you—I answered 'here' once—Oh, I can't find that page—"Happy and Light of heart are those who in each other faith repose." Lib, can you hear me? Well he—oh, gosh, I'd better sing again 'cause she's coming back here—"Who faith repose." Lib, maybe I can tell you this time. He—there goes the bell and I've got a test next period. I'll have to hurry like everything! Oh, I'd better tell you what he said. He can't keep the date Sunday 'cause he got married yesterday."

OUR ARRIVAL

Why hey there, hi there!
 How are you?
 I'm so glad to see you
 I don't know what to do.
 These remarks
 Weren't meant for us.
 We weren't the cause
 Of all the fuss.
 The upper-classmen
 Kissed and smacked,
 And hit each other
 On the back.
 We Fresh stood by,
 Looked on with pain,
 And wished to be
 At home again.
 Two months later,
 We smiled outrageous;
 The disease of "heys"
 Became contagious.
 We knew each other,
 And spoke always—
 But we won't forget
 Those first few days.

—MARY SNOW JOHNSON.

FRESHMAN COUNCIL HIKE

Anyone who happened to be standing in front of Terrell Hall Monday afternoon, the twenty-fourth of March, might have wondered where in the world such a happy band of girls were going—and in busses too! On inquiry, our friend observer would have found that these attractive girls were none other than the Freshman Councilors who were just before going on a hike. The busses carried them to Fort Wilkinson. On arriving there their fun was at its height; but who could help but have fun when such people as Miss Daughtry, Annie Jo Moye, Dorcas Rucker and Robbie McClendon were along.

After strolling, picking violets—which were very numerous, taking pictures and enjoying life in general, the Councilors assembled for a real old-fashioned picnic. After this delicious treat the girls enjoyed an Easter egg hunt—and Fern Cox found the prize egg.

Time passed entirely too swiftly on this Monday afternoon for the busses came much too quickly to suit the girls.

On returning to the Campus the girls agreed that this was the very best hike yet and they wish to give three cheers to Miss Daughtry, Annie Jo, Robbie and Dorcas who helped to make the hike a success. Each one was saying "Ain't it grand to be a Councilor?"

INSTITUTE OF CITIZENSHIP ATTENDED BY FACULTY MEMBERS

Miss Rogers, Miss Stone and Dr. Johnson attended the third annual session of the Institute of Citizenship at Emory University on April 8 and 9, by appointment of Dr. Beeson.

They report helpful information regarding the problems faced by Georgia today as seen by Dr. Sam Small, Dr. Stewart Roberts and Miss Roberta Hodgson, all outstanding speakers of the state. Mr. Polyzoides and Mr. Robert Lathan, editors of prominent newspapers, emphasized the place of the press in regard to public welfare.

The Round Table Conference provided opportunity for everyone to have a part in the meeting by asking questions of the speakers.

Governor Hardman has proclaimed the week in which the Institute was in session as "Good Citizens' Week."

HISTORY CLUB

The members of the History Club enjoyed a party in Ennis Recreation Hall March 10. After a short business session St. Patrick games and contests were played. The color scheme of green and white was carried out in the decorations and refreshments. About fifty members of the club were present.

The monthly History Club meeting was held April 3, in Dr. Johnson's class room. The meeting was called to order by Lillian Brown, President. After a short business session a most enjoyable program was given consisting of a book report on "Balsand," by Frances Jackson, Bessie Murray, Helen Hagan, Theo Hotch, and Virginia Rooks.

The History Club is planning to have a Georgia History exhibition during Commencement. All the girls were asked to bring in any clippings on Georgia they could find.

THE NEW "Y" SECRETARY

Although everybody is sorry to have our present "Y" secretary, Miss Daughtry, leave us, we are glad that someone like Miss Mary Moss, better known about the campus as "Polly," will take her place. Miss Moss graduated here in 1927. She was a favorite about the campus—in fact president of the "Y" and of the senior class. She taught history here at G. S. C. W. for two years. Now she is at Brenau College, and this summer will go to the Y. W. school to study the technical part of being a "Y" secretary. Those who know her are "tickled to death" at the news of her return to the campus. Those who do not know her have a treat in store for them in the form of meeting a most magnetic personality.

MARGARET LINKUS FRESHMAN FIELD DAY CAPTAIN

At a recent meeting of the freshman class, Margaret Linkus was elected field day captain. She is a very capable and energetic worker and we feel sure that she will do her best to lead our class on to victory. But the captain can't win field day all by herself. Did Joan of Ark win the battle of Orleans alone? Of course not—it can't be done. Field day isn't a one man game, it will take every single girl to make it a success. So come on freshmen and back Margaret up! We'll show the upper-classmen what the "College babies," can do.

BIBLE STUDY CLASS PICNIC

The members of Dr. Webber's Bible Study Class spent last Saturday afternoon in Government Square park. A picnic supper was thoroughly enjoyed. Those going were Dr. and Mrs. Webber, Misses Elna Perkins, Martha Archer, Emily Campbell, Lorice Cannafax, Louise Cobb, Idelle Collins, Frances Fordham, Alvaretta Kenan, Celia McCall, Robertine McClendon, Blanche McLesky, Vesta Merritt, Kathleen Shedd, Ford Staples, and Helen Holsenbeck. The officers of this class are president, Frances Fordham; secretary, Alvaretta Kenan; treasurer, Emily Campbell.

WHY THE SENIORS ENVY US

By VIRGINIA LANIER

They have already climbed the ladder. Why should they turn back and say, "Oh I envy the Freshmen!" Yet many Seniors feel that they would be glad to be a green little freshman again.

Just think, the Seniors are going to be "out on their own." Many of them will be teaching school in a short while, and we can drift along with the multitude, waxing industrious as we will.

The Senior is wise. Oh! so wise! When she meets anyone on the streets, the latter is forced to say, "and still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all it knew." But oh, the joy of being green is quite refreshing and since "Ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

The Seniors are struggling on with their theses, while we revel in planning our homes. Perhaps, some of these dear upper classmen have long ago cast aside the idea of homes, and feel rather, that love is a delusion, but we enjoy our magic spectacles which make such rosy pictures.

The hand of Time has placed three more years over the heads of the Seniors, which, maybe they are giving up reluctantly, but we are kind, however, realizing that our day will come. We turn back and say, "Oh, death in life, the days that are our Seniordom. Will not even the Freshmen turn so shall spin around this great orb and approach no more!" and, "Would that the wheels of Time would turn back and make me a Freshman again just for tonight."

THREE NEW MEMBERS ELECTED TO "Y" CABINET

Tuesday night after the election of the new cabinet members, the "Y" found that it lacked three very important members. So Thursday night, a search was made for these three lost personages. At length they were found, and incidentally it didn't take much seeking, because we really think that the "Y" knew just where those three were situated. When found they were none other than Misses Claire Flanders, Mary Driskell, and Helen Barron. Now the "Y" will be able to continue its work, and we're all confident that next year will be the best that G. S. C. has ever had.

RECTOR HARDING DELIVERS PALM SUNDAY MESSAGE

When Fannie McLellan begins her announcement in chapel by saying, "We are always most delighted to have as our speaker...", we know then that the following Sunday one of our Milledgeville pastors is going to speak at Vesper. Miriam Rustin introduced to us our speaker, Rector Harding, of the Milledgeville Episcopal church.

Rector Harding pointed out to us that we of the present generation should lay down our lives, since we are not able to show our love and devotion by palm branches, at the feet of Jesus. The choir gave a beautiful selection, "The Palms."

FAMOUS "SEA DEVIL" SPEAKS

On Thursday night April 17, Count Felix Von Luckner spoke to a large gathering at the auditorium.

For two hours he held the attention of his audience, relating his adventures on land and sea. The story of his life reads as romantically as any of the "Leather Stocking Tales of Cooper."

He gained the confidence and interest of the students early in his address by explaining that he left home as a lad of thirteen on account of his dislike for examinations. His adventures in Australia, America, Norway and almost every land and sea on the globe were as unique as the man himself. His particular idealization of the famous "Buffalo Bill" made him the object of deepest concern.

Count Von Luckner wears nine medals for life saving, and he stands today the only man of his position who entered the Navy in the lowest ranks.

During the World's War he penetrated the blockades of the allies in an old clipper—the last of its kind ever to be used. His ingenuity in planning his exploits stands unrivaled. But in spite of the marvelous warfare that he waged for his country he took not one life.

"I have sailed under the 'Stars and Stripes' too," says the Count.

MRS. HINES HONORS MISS DAUGHRAY WITH FAREWELL PARTY

On the afternoon of April 7, Mrs. Hines entertained with a lovely party in honor of Miss Annie Moore Daughtry. Mrs. Hines decided that there was need of a May queen—and who but Miss Daughtry was the very person! She was placed on a large throne and given a big stick of peppermint candy for a scepter. Now the queen still lacked a train, so a handsome train of cretonne was brought out for her majesty. Then there must be merriment, so Annie Jo Moye and Mary Elliott entertained with a lovely dance. Now the subjects of the queen brought their love gifts, an interesting and attractive assortment, each accompanied by a short poem. Then there was merriment indeed when the courtiers cheered and cheered, and cheered for their queen. At length, Mrs. Hines invited the queen and her court out into the beautiful garden where, assisted by Miss Sara Bigham, she served delicious refreshments. Robbie McLendon chose this time to read her last will and testament, bequeathing to the newly elected president of the "Y" her cares and joys as the president of the "Y". Since the president, Vera Hunt was not present, Caroline Selmon, vice-president accepted the bequest for Vera with pleasure and appreciation. As a parting gift after her enjoyable entertainment Mrs. Hines presented each of the guests with an autographed copy of her song, "The Log Cabin in the Pines." Those present were Miss Daughtry, Miss Bigham, the old Y. W. C. A. cabinet, the newly elected one, and Mrs. Hines.

PRE-EASTER MORNING WATCH SERVICES

Last Friday, Saturday, and Sunday mornings three very impressive pre-Easter services were held in the auditorium. The first was held at 6:50 Friday morning, at which Miss Rogers spoke. She told us of the last days of Christ and of the Crucifixion. The following morning Miss Loraine Teaver talked to us of the visits of Jesus' friends to the tomb. On Sunday morning Fannie McLellan presented to us Christ's victory over death, the resurrection of our Savior. All three meetings were inspirational and those who went enjoyed them fully.

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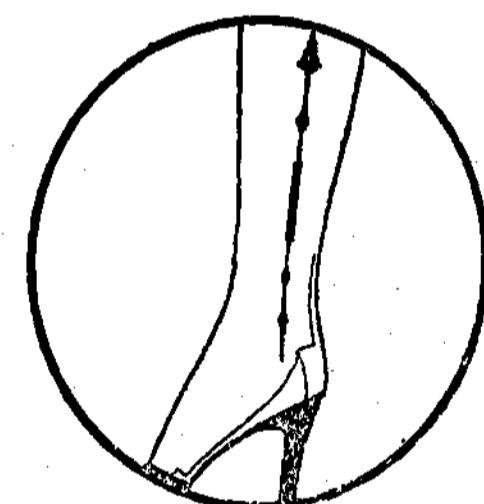
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